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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15, 1900. NUMBER 11

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

From the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

* * *

NINE LECTURES BY W. L. SHELDON.

TOPICS DISCUSSED:

1. The English Bible.
2. The Original Bible.
3. Bible and History.
4. Bible and Prophesy.
5. Beliefs About God.
6. Messianic Expectations.
7. The Time of Jesus and the Influence of Jesus on His Time.
8. How the New Testament Grew.
9. The Bible as Poetry and Literature. A Review.

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THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, - - - - - - - - CHICAGO.

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The New York State Conference of Religion

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FIRST PUBLIC MEETING IN NEW YORK CITY.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

NOVEMBER 20-22, 1900.

The Morning and Afternoon Sessions only will be held at the Hall of United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Street.

The Evening Sessions will be held in the following Churches:—Tuesday Evening at the Church of the Holy Communion, Twentieth Street and Sixth Avenue; Wednesday Evening at All Souls' (Unitarian) Church, Twentieth Street and Fourth Avenue; Thursday Evening at the Brick (Presbyterian) Church, Thirty-Seventh Street and Fifth Avenue.

Tuesday Evening, November 20, at the Church of the Holy Communion, 7:45.

1. *The State Conference of Religion, its Ideal, Propaganda and Aims.*
   Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph.D., of New York, and
   Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of New York.
2. *Ethical Progress in the XIX Century.*
   To be announced and
   Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, Ill.

Wednesday Morning, November 21, at the Hall of the United Charities Building, 9:45.

1. *Religion the Life of God in the Soul of Man.*
   Rev. W. C. Gannett, of Rochester, N. Y., and
   Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester.
2. *The Possibilities of Common Worship.*
   Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., of New York, and
   Rev. Henry Berkowitz, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Wednesday Afternoon, November 21, at the Hall of United Charities Building, 2:45.

1. *Political Ideals of the Bible.*
   Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University (O. T.), and
   Prof. Henry S. Nash, of Harvard University (N. T.).
2. *Demands on a Nation Conscious of a Moral Mission.*
   Rev. Percy S. Grant, of New York, and
   President B. P. Raymond, D.D., LL.D., of Wesleyan University.

Wednesday Evening, November 21, at All Souls' Church, 7:45.

1. *Dangerous Classes in a Republic.*
   Dr. Fred. Howard Wines, of the Census Office, Washington, and
   President George A. Gates, D.D., of Iowa College.
2. *Religion Vital to Democracy.*
   President J. G. Schurman, D.Sc., LL.D., of Cornell University, and
   Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., of Columbus, O.

Thursday Morning, November 22, at the Hall of the United Charities Building, 9:45.

1. *Religious Education in the Public Schools.*
   Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., of New York, and
   President G. Stanley Hall, LL.D., of Clark University.
2. *Education by Church and School in Social Righteousness.*
   Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin, of New Haven, Conn., and
   President James M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., of Vassar College.

Thursday Afternoon, November 22, at the Hall of the United Charities Building, 2:45.

1. *The Unorganized Religious Forces.*
   Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, Mass., and
   Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y.
2. *The Ideal Commonwealth as the Kingdom of God.*
   Mr. Edwin Markham, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and
   Prof. Thomas C. Hall, D.D., of Union Seminary, N. Y.

Thursday Evening, November 22, at the Brick Presbyterian Church, 7:45.

1. *The Unused Power of the Churches in Politics.*
   Hon. Bird S. Coler, of New York, and
   Rev. Alfred W. Wishart, of Trenton, N. J.
2. *The Message of this Conference to the Churches.*
   Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., of New York, and
   To be announced.

Many of these addresses will be followed by a brief discussion.
There will also be a brief devotional service at each session, a Manual of Common Worship having been especially prepared for that purpose.

THE New York State Conference of Religion was organized in 1899 by a large number of persons belonging to eleven different denominations. Its General Committee now includes members of fifteen denominations. The practical aim and range of its interests is thought to be sufficiently represented by the subjects presented in the program. Its bond of union is not in a common formula but in the one spirit which is variously expressed in different religious forms. Its purpose is to promote the largest practicable junction of religious forces for the furtherance of these fundamental religious, moral and social interests which are vital to the stability of the commonwealth.

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Rev. Leighton Williams, *General Secretary*, Amity House, 312 W. 54th St., New York.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1900. NUMBER 11

Our readers will be delighted to see the announcement and program of the long promised, the carefully matured and wisely balanced program of the New York State Conference of Religion. The word "Conference" was probably chosen so as to emphasize its independency from the Congress movement, but the independency is only in material substance, the spirit is the same, and we doubt not but that this meeting in New York will prove the noblest Congress ever held after the Parliament of Religions. It is noble in the scope of its constituency, the fearless and searching quality of its program, the directness and immediateness of its topics. UNITY hails with delight the program and wishes all success to this last Congress of Religion, the New York State Conference of Religion.

How horrible were the orgies witnessed in London when the "heroes of the Transvaal" were welcomed home. How sad to find those who were equal to the ordeal of powder and smoke going down ignominiously before the more insidious foe that lurked in the tankard and the unbridled enthusiasm that indicated how much savagery underlies the civilization of London. The dispatches say that "London was turned over to the worst elements of its population. Women were insulted, kissed or thrown down with impunity in street fights. It was a scene of unchecked saturnalia that met the eye." No wonder that General Roberts should plead with his native land "to have mercy on his soldiers."

UNITY is peculiarly dependent upon its readers for the extension of its word and influence. Through their kindness this paper has found its way into many homes where it has not been formally invited. We mean no intrusion. Once in a while the visit is resented, and regretting the intrusion we gladly withdraw; but more times its visit is welcomed and many of the new and true friends of UNITY are found in this way. Perhaps the following note, typical of many, will encourage other readers to see what they can do to find other friends in a similar way:

"UNITY has been coming to my address for a year or more. I do not know who ordered it sent, but I do know whoever he was he has been my benefactor, for there is no periodical I read with more pleasure or from which I derive greater benefit. I enclose my check for five dollars to pay any indebtedness there may be and to have my subscription continued."

Twenty years ago, perhaps even ten years ago, the appearance of so stately, carefully balanced, and nobly printed a magazine as the *World's Work* would have been widely heralded and conspicuously noticed in the current press. But these things have become so common now that a new magazine drops into its place quietly as a matter of course. This monthly has all the appearances of a sound venture and it would seem to have a clear hold on the future. Walter H. Page, the editor, is a man of large experience in his department and has proved his work in the past. We miss but one element of strength and power in this magazine. As it seems to us there is wanting an element of prophecy, not of foresight so much as insight. It has the poise of the complacent business man when the bank account is on the increase—most all the world is right or nearly so and everything is doing well. But in the interest of the better there is always the need of a holy discontent and the magazine that represents the true spirit of any time must be in advance of that time. Prosperity without a passion for improvement and a determination to consecrate it to high purposes is disastrous. The opportunism of Kipling will not make a great journal. We wait for the higher note in succeeding numbers. Meanwhile we rejoice in the fair beginning, the handsome page, the interesting illustrations and the evidence of thrift and competency indicated in advertisements as well as in the reading matter.

We earnestly commend the following resolutions to those readers of UNITY who believe that there is still room for ministers in the world, a call for better training and the higher type that will spring therefrom. Notwithstanding its humble surroundings and its isolation we believe that the Meadville Theological School is in many respects the best place in this country for a young man or young woman to go for the purpose of three years' brooding on the problems and the duties of the new minister. Its very weaknesses are its strength. The intellectual atmosphere is free. There is the minimum of mental distraction, the maximum opportunity for that brooding as necessary to spiritual incubation as to material. These resolutions were passed at a special meeting recently held in the chapel of the Meadville Divinity School. The local paper says, "Twenty-eight animated speeches were made by various members and friends of the school, urging pressing necessity for a system of physical culture as an indispensable basis of student efficiency and subsequent professional success." The new building asked for has in mind other equipments which have become absolutely necessary. We trust that many of our readers will be moved to lend a hand. Where a thousand dollars cannot be given let a check for a hundred be sent; and where the hundred is not forthcoming from one man let a hundred people send the one dollar apiece, which will be better. UNITY will be glad to forward any contributions large or small.

Resolved, That the welfare of the Meadville Theological School urgently demands the early erection and equipment of a building which shall contain a gymnasium and a dining hall for the use of students, and shall afford opportunity for undisturbing vocal practice.

Resolved, That we trust to the generosity of friends of the school for the satisfaction of this need by gifts which shall provide a building which, in dignity of appearance, solidity of construction and capacity of meeting the demand for physical culture, a common table and rooms for the vocal practice and general social uses, shall worthily complete the equipment of the school in these directions.

Resolved, That we commend to the Unitarian ministry and laity, President George W. Gilmore as an advocate of this need and as entitled to receive donations for the purpose named, and we bespeak for him an interested and cordial reception.

We make room this week for the answer of our associate, Mr. Powell, to Mr. Savage's question in a recent communication to UNITY, because it is fair both to the questioner and the answerer that such an opportunity be given. But we do not forget that the elections are over and that the presidential campaign is closed. With all good citizens we turn our eyes forward and will anxiously and loyally await the working out of the problem at Washington during the next four years. But we must not vacate our responsibility as citizens or be unmindful of our little part in shaping public sentiment. We rejoice in the hilarious promise of "good times" and we shall rejoice more in the restoration of the same in so far as it is a "good time" for all the citizens of the United States. Prosperity is desirable only in so far as it is consecrated to noble uses. After the money is made there always remains the question, "What are you going to do with the money?" It is justified not in the making but in the spending. Now that the election is over, may we say a candid word to those who are disappointed in the editorial aggressiveness of UNITY concerning the one great ethical issue before the American people to-day—the question of war versus peace? We too have had our disappointments, the greatest of which is the disappointment that the friends were disappointed in us who have always stood for independence in politics and in religion and against war in all its forms. In the future, as in the past, UNITY must bear its testimony in season and out of season against human slaughter whether it be organized under state sanction or otherwise. Let not the administration be misled by its great triumph at the polls. The question of war was not uppermost at the November elections to the majority of voters. No strenuous campaigning has settled once and for all democracy's attempt to occupy by violence foreign territory. We may kill several thousand more Filipinos within a few months. We may rout the last fragment of the army hostile to our troops, but that will not settle it. Subjugation is a question of a century, aye, of centuries, as the patriotic fire, the sense of moral wrong, the consciousness of a common life found in the heart of Jew, Hungarian, Pole, Scotchman, Welshman and Irishman will prove. All of these have been conquered long ago and apparently for aye, and still each in their own way represents an unconquerable spirit, an unextinguished individuality and a love of liberty that flames the higher with every reminder of an indignity thereto. Now that the administration has clear sailing for another four years and that the President has reached the maximum honor at the hands of the American voters, for we trust the third term ambition is closed forever by long established precedent—it is a chance to work on long lines, and the spiritual and ethical forces of America have an opportunity of asserting themselves. The churches, the women's clubs, the universities and all the non-combative, non-commercial and non-material forces of the United States have their opportunity to make themselves heard and felt. We still believe in peace and not in war and are inclined to interpret the recent election as meaning anything or everything other than a deliberate approval of war and an endorsement of the American invasion of the Philippine archipelago. If not in the first, then in the last year of the twentieth century, the rights of natives to self government in their own way and not in the way of an outside and an alleged "superior party" will be recognized. Let England, America and all the "Powers" prepare themselves for this verdict of the twentieth century.

A Reunion Further On.

In an editorial entitled "Wisconsin Congregationalism," recently published in these columns, we offered striking evidence of the progressive character of that fellowship. The following letter recently received from Rev. A. G. Wilson, recent pastor of All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis., one who previous to his settlement in Janesville had served acceptably in the Unitarian work on the Pacific coast, and as pastor of Unity Church, Decorah, Iowa, is self explanatory:

Dear Mr. Jones: I wish you would announce through the columns of UNITY that I have severed my connection with the Unitarian denomination and have been received into fellowship with the Congregational church and ministry. The Beloit convention, held at Clinton, Wis., Oct. 30-31, extended a most cordial welcome without a dissenting voice after having heard a very full and frank statement of my religious views and attitude.

That such an action is possible is significant of tendencies when the emphasis is placed where it belongs, on essential Christianity instead of any dogmatic statement of it.

I have fulfilled nearly ten years of ministry in the Unitarian church and have had opportunity to study its tendencies and spirit as a religious force and to know the degree of my adaptability to its mission. I have not taken this step without full consideration of all the facts involved.

I see two tendencies in the liberal ecclesiastical field. The one is toward a more constructive and spiritual method. The other is dominated by the original spirit of protest to the traditional forms of faith. The movement toward a more distinctive religious temper is both its glory and its weakness. The protest, which has been its strength and chief justification, still maintains its prominence, often owes to the rest of religious expression which finds moderate hospitality in the average Unitarian community. These are disintegrating tendencies because they are diverse. This is evident to whoever will study the facts existing in the country at large, especially in all the West. You cannot change a battering ram into a golden harp. The people who are seeking church fellowship for the deeper promptings and melodies of the soul go where harps are made and played upon.

It is because I believe the historic churches can better administer what is true and helpful in both the old and the new that I wish to labor among them. My ecclesiastical trip abroad has taught me many valuable truths and given me a broader view of what is religiously practicable. There must be continuity of faith, as of life, or there is no growth. Religion advances by processes of evolution more than by revolution.

I believe that the Congregational church, because of its democratic spirit and method, is able to do the most aggressive and advanced work in this country consistent with its varied constituency.

As to the church I am leaving I have no grievance, and am not going out with embittered feelings. It has treated me well. I have endeavored to fulfill its mission. The friendships I have formed I shall ever cherish and I still believe that fundamental religion is best summed up in "Love to God and love to man."

I have written in this frank way to you as I believe that the UNITY constituency will be able to appreciate the motives that have prompted me and as broad enough to include me still in its goodly fellowship. Cordially, A. G. WILSON.

Janesville, Wis., Nov. 5, 1900.

It is the boast of the Unitarian denomination that its doors swing easily both ways. It welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest. Mr. Wilson deserves and will receive the respect and fellowship of his old associates and we trust he will win the comradeship he deserves in the new fellowship. In further explanation of this step the following extract from the editorial column of the Janesville *Recorder* is interesting:

The action has been long contemplated and Rev. Wilson has been in correspondence with prominent ministers of the denomination. His religious views have not undergone any radical change, but he firmly believes that his proper place is in the Congregational church. That his religious convictions and views were entirely acceptable to the church in which he is to labor in the future is evidenced by the fact that he was warmly welcomed to its fellowship without a dissenting vote after he had made a very complete statement of his religious attitude.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilson will be received into the Congregational church next Sunday morning and will continue to make this city their home until a suitable opening occurs for Rev. Wilson to accept the pastorate of a Congregational church. He is a rarely gifted man of brilliant and forceful intellectual power and of fervent spiritual nature and will do efficient service in the church which is so fortunate as to call him. While their many friends will regret Rev. and Mrs Wilson's removal from the city, they nevertheless hope soon to see the able minister and his helpful wife installed in a field of usefulness.

Men change their opinion, sympathies and the relations that belong thereto according to subtle forces that never can be adequately estimated from the without. But there is more than a personal element in this step of Mr. Wilson. Technically he passes out of one fellowship into another without a perceptible change of habitation. The comradeship of thought and of purpose now confessed outwardly by the action of the convention at Clinton, existed to a large degree before and we can but believe that even from the Unitarian standpoint, when interpreted from the spiritual and ethical side, this "new fellowship" of Mr. Wilson is essentially the "old fellowship" enlarged and deepened. The schism that disrupted it in the beginning of the centuries must wear itself out, for the Unitarians at that time represented but the van guard of advancing thought. The march has been steadily going on, the Unitarian and the Trinitarian Congregationalists ever working at the same problem and with largely the same tools and towards a common result. The old quarrel about the Godhead carried with it the far deeper problem of reason in religion, individual responsibility and the spiritual resting place of faith in morals rather than in dogma. It is growing harder and harder every year to keep up the line of demarkation. And if it were not made a matter of conscious effort in order to justify existing organizations it would be still harder. Protestantism itself has yielded to the spirit of analysis until it has become a scandal and an imbecility. It must sooner or later take up the more inspiring business of synthesis. Integration follows disintegration and the various wings of Congregationalism must be the first to yield to this tendency as they are the most elastic and are most allied to the democracy towards which all culture and science, as well as religion and morals, inevitably tend.

If ministers are to pass back and forth over this line with so little violence to the hospitality and the fraternity that lie on both sides of the line, what is to become of the churches that have been separated by a vanishing line? What is the attitude of the little Unitarian bands that were forced together under dogmatic and sectarian conditions that are now vanishing? What is the attitude of the garrison in the fortress of mental liberty when there is no longer an investing army of dogmatism and bigotry besieging them? We must postpone consideration of this question for another week. Meanwhile UNITY continues the fellowship it has always had for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and asks them to carry its goodwill and, so far as his constituency will permit, the co-operating fellowship wherever they may go.

Reply to Rev. Minot J. Savage.

Our friend Savage in his note of reply to Dr. Thomas and myself begins by saying: "It seems to me that it is deciding the matter prematurely when they talk about the damnable condition of things in the Philippines." He concludes by saying: "How any one can say a word to encourage the brood of unspeakable curses covered by the name of Bryan, etc." A rusty shield once said to the sun, "O sun, illumine me." The sun replied, "Polish yourself."

As this note does not give us specifically what curses are involved I turn to a sermon published by Brother Savage entitled, "Some Moral Issues of the Political Campaign," where I read, "I cannot understand how any man can get into a state of mind in which he shall suppose that Congress by a vote can create money." In another place he says, "We need to guard, above all things, if this Republic is to endure, the independence and freedom of our magnificent Supreme Court at Washington." But this Supreme Court decreed that Congress, "by right of sovereignty," could ordain to be money that which before was not money; and could compel creditors to take such fiat money for debts. Brother Savage therefore must be careful not to criticise or weaken this "magnificent" department of our government. History shows that, while our executive and legislative departments have on the whole not failed of real democracy, the judicial department has been vacillating and contradictory in its decisions. Judge Harlan, himself one of the court, speaking of the income tax decision, said: "It strikes at the very foundation of national authority. By it Congress can not tax incomes, while it may compel the workman to contribute directly from his earnings to support the government." And Justice White added that, if such decisions were to be law, "the red specter of revolution would shake our institutions to their foundations." I am inclined to think that more danger comes to the American people from empty laudation of our Supreme Court and other courts than from the fair, open criticism of men determined to retain their freedom. The question just now is not whether politics will be introduced into the Supreme Court; but how to get politics out of that court. The Federalists packed the court; Jackson packed it; and Grant packed it. Charles Sumner said, "I hold judges, especially the Supreme Court, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with superstitious reverence." Lincoln said in his first inaugural, "I do not forget the position assumed by some that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; but if the policy of the government upon a vital question, affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court, the moment they are made the people will have ceased to be their own masters." William J. Bryan never uttered a sentence one-half as strong as this concerning the wrong deeds of our judiciary.

Danger from a standing army is disposed of in this sermon by averring that the danger is in the opposite direction. "We have an army hardly large enough to do decent garrison and police duty over all our widespread territory." That depends on how many garrisons there may be created. I remember that at one time there was a garrison in Boston, and another in New York. I do not forget that national troops have been ordered to Chicago and to New Orleans. But on the next page "we have had a great army of hundreds of thousands in existence for three or four years, and have seen them melt away like a few snowflakes late in spring." If he means the armies of the civil

war we are now paying over one hundred and fifty millions annually from the dinner pails of the poor to support the remnants of those snowflakes. But if he refers to the armies that fought the Spanish war we have now sixty thousand in the Philippine Islands, twenty to thirty thousand in China and several thousand more scattered about our new possessions. Mr. Savage not only disagrees with facts, but with President McKinley, who distinctly asked for a *"permanent* army of 100,000 men." This request has been modified by a manifesto, coming from Secretary Root, that we shall need a standing army of 100,000 men "only so long as the war in the Philippines continues." Suppose we should stop that war; and so close the demand for 100,000 men. But does anyone believe that the war in those islands is near an end? We have gained not one foot beyond rifle range outside of Manila. Let us put two and two together. (1). We have not an army big enough for home duty. (2). All the soldiers we have are needed in the Philippines. (3). Increased complications are likely to occur. (4). We must have another 100,000 "to protect us against foreign invasion." Yet Mr. Savage tells us he does not believe "the American people are going to be very readily frightened by any threat of militarism." Possibly it would be well if we were so alarmed. The millstone around the neck of every European nation has been standing armies.

Mr. Savage tells us further that Mr. Bryan appeals to classes; but that "there are no classes in this country." Yet in another place he declares that, while the danger of a great standing army is not imminent, "there is great danger of the mob and the development of the mob spirit." What is this mob? Is it made up of capitalists? If not, are the capitalists a class to be relied upon? Is it composed of the laborers whose dinner pails are full? Are laborers classifiable? Or is there a class of lawbreakers and anarchists by profession? Who made up the mobs in the Pennsylvania coal fields? Who made up the mobs that composed the Homestead strikers? Who made up the mobs in the Illinois coal fields in 1898? I am strongly inclined to think that Wayne McVeagh is right when he says of America that "the black flag of the corruptionist is far more to be feared than the red flag of the anarchist." Landon, in his lectures on the Constitution, says, even more incisively, that "Government may have a standing army to put down mobs, but can popular government stand the strain of doing it?" Mr. Watterson, our ablest American journalist, says, "In the concentration of wealth, in the gradual cultivation of *caste,* let the wealthy behold a danger it will be well to consider in the light of history." And yet Mr. Savage assures us that we have no classes in this country. Let him request Mrs. Lofty, who occupies the most costly pew, to take a seat each Sunday with her washerwoman and cook. Forty years ago we had four millionaires and no tramps; now we have over 500 millionaires and 336,000 tramps. Are these millionaires a class? Are the tramps a class? Is it any answer to say, as Mr. Savage does, "Is any one born into a servile condition; out of which he is not perfectly free to emerge—even so high as the Presidential chair, if he has the capacity and character?" Mr. Savage himself is fully qualified to make a better President than half a dozen whom we could name; but he is not President. Because of heredity and of social conditions, whether you call it class or not, we have no possible escape for ten millions of working men. Mr. Savage knows, as well as I do, that it would be an insult to go among the hundred thousand miners of Pennsylvania and say "You are not born to be miners; you could all become contractors and mine owners (if you only had the character and capacity)." Shall we talk about a full dinner pail to candidates for the Presidency, digging in the coal mines? Mr. Savage evidently is not satisfied with his own logic, for he adds that he does "not by any means thing that the poor are getting on as favorably as they *ought* to—*perhaps*—*if* there is any ought about it." Is this from Minot J. Savage, the apostle of humanity? Then do I appeal from Minot J. Savage, of New York, to Minot J. Savage, of Boston. The matter is not brought to a better conclusion by adding that "there is no reason for discouragement—no reason for despair." What class does our friend mean should not despair? The capitalist? Probably not; but he is arguing all this while to get a whack at William J. Bryan, as "fomenting discord between rich and poor"—two classes which by his own showing do not exist. I remember that there was a man—eighteen hundred years ago—who said many things that would bring him sharply under Mr. Savage's disapproval. His name was not William J. Bryan—at least not at that time—and he said "Woe unto you rich men!" Perhaps I need not recall the story of Dives and Lazarus. The sting of the gospel of Jesus Christ was his unflinching loyalty to human equality. Mr. Savage makes some amends by suggesting co-operative business between employers and employees. He says, "I believe that the monied men might do much to make the workingmen feel that they are friends (not in the same *class,* but at least friends)."

Now, let me tell you a story. A certain rich man went down from his castle and came upon an iron furnace not being operated. It had stood for many years surrounded by dilapidated hovels; silent and useless. And he said, Now that the tariff is protecting iron I will lease this furnace and make more money. So he filled these hovels with families, and he opened the blast. Then he said, Behold, now prosperity booms! Six months later, as the winter grew nigh, the price of iron fell; a glut had been created in the market. Then the rich man shut down his furnace, and left the workmen to shift for themselves. Meanwhile they had used old, unclean wells, and typhoid fever had broken out, raging sorely. But the rich man went on making speeches throughout the land in order to elect Mr. McKinley President. Why not? There are no classes in this land. Could not anyone of his employees, if he had *character* and *capacity,* become President? Perhaps a more important problem is, How shall a son of a millionaire rise up to respect for honest labor, and be willing to carry through the streets a full dinner pail without shame?

But what shall we do with the Philippines? Mr. Savage asks for some definite policy. (1). Do not go on confusing the Spanish war and the war on the Filipinos. The first was ended when Spain submitted. The second we contend was useless; and is now shameful. What did we do with the Japanese in 1853? We compelled them to enter into treaty relations, and then left them to form or to reform their own institutions. At that time they were less educated than the Filipinos; but the result was a grand little empire—a thoroughly unique and noble nation. But we are told that it was *necessary* to fight the Filipinos. "Everybody knows they would have been the sudden prey of other people." Well, I guess they would have managed to make it hot for any other nation that tried to make a prey of them; they certainly have for us. Hon. John Foreman, in a London quarterly, says, that Agoncillo assures him that the people will gladly agree to refund to us the twenty millions paid to Spain; will cede to us what islands we need for naval and civil purposes, and enter into a treaty that will give us trade privileges, by which we can recoup our expenses incurred during the war. I say let them form their own government; accept these terms, and then let us go back to practicing the political economy of George

Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. I believe with George Washington that we had better mind our own business as a people. I believe with William McKinley that "Forcible annexation is criminal aggression. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." I believe also that the Golden Rule is the summary of the common sense of all humanity; that we should love God with all our heart and our neighbors as ourselves —Filipinos not excepted. Yet do I love Minot J. Savage. E. P. POWELL.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841. He was graduated at Yale in 1861. After a few years in business and literary work he became a teacher, and in 1874 received appointment as professor of English literature at the University of California. He died at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887.

Peace.

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found;
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
Lo! peace is here.

Starlight

They think me daft, who nightly meet
My face turned starward, while my feet
Stumble along the unseen street;

But should man's thought have only room
For Earth, his cradle and his tomb,
Not for his temple's grander gloom?

And must the prisoner all his days
Learn from his dungeon's narrow ways
And never through its grating gaze?

Then let me linger in your sight,
My only amaranths! blossoming bright
As over Eden's cloudless night.

The same vast belt, and square, and crown,
That on the Deluge glittered down,
And lit the roofs of Bethlehem town!

Ye make me one with all my race,
A victor over time and space,
Till all the path of men I pace.

Far-speeding backward in my brain
We build the Pyramids again,
And Babel rises from the plain;

And climbing upward on your beams
I peer within the Patriarchs' dreams,
Till the deep sky with angels teems.

My comforters! Yea, why not mine?
The power that kindled you doth shine,
In man, a mastery divine;

That love which throbs in every star,
And quickens all the worlds afar,
Beats warmer where his children are.

The shadow of the wings of Death
Broods over us; we feel his breath:
"Resurgam" still the spirit saith.

These tired feet, this weary brain,
Blotted with many a mortal stain,
May crumble earthward—not in vain.

With swifter feet that shall not tire,
Eyes that shall fail not at your fire,
Nearer your splendors I aspire.

The Things That Will Not Die.

What am I glad will stay when I have passed
From this dear valley of the world, and stand
On yon snow-glimmering peaks, and lingering cast
From that dim land
A backward look, and haply stretch my hand,
Regretful, now the wish comes true at last?

Sweet strains of music I am glad will be
Still wandering down the wind, for men will hear
And think themselves from all their care set free,
And heaven near
When summer stars burn very still and clear,
And waves of sound are swelling like the sea.

And it is good to know that overhead
Blue skies will brighten, and the sun will shine,
And flowers be sweet in many a garden bed,
And all divine,
(For are they not, O Father, thoughts of thine?)
Earth's warmth and fragrance shall on men be shed.

And I am glad that night will always come,
Hushing all sounds, even the soft-voiced birds,
Putting away all light from her deep dome,
Until are heard
In the wide starlight's stillness, unknown words,
That make the heart ache till it find its home.

And I am glad that neither golden sky,
Nor violet lights that linger on the hill,
Nor ocean's wistful blue shall satisfy,
But they shall fill
With wild unrest and endless longing still,
The soul whose hope beyond them all must lie.

And I rejoice that love shall never seem
So perfect as it ever was to be,
But endlessly that inner haunting dream
Each heart shall see
Hinted in every dawn's fresh purity,
Hopelessly shadowed in each sunset's gleam.

And though warm mouths will kiss and hands will cling,
And thought by silent thought be understood,
I do rejoice that the next hour will bring
That far off mood,
That drives one like a lonely child to God,
Who only sees and measures everything.

And it is well that when these feet have pressed
The outward path from earth, 'twill not seem sad
To them that stay; but they who love me best
Will be most glad
That such a long unquiet now has had,
At last, a gift of perfect peace and rest.

All day yesterday the chill October rain dripped steadily. The red and yellow leaves which lay upon the ground were sodden and dull, their brilliant coloring changed to a sober hue.

The air was sweet with the odour of the drenched October leaves. High in the maple above me swung a last year's nest, its tenants gone to the sunny Southland and its helpless children grown.

Oh, why do we speak of the sadness of Autumn! Must we ever be so impatient that we cannot wait for Spring? For every flower that dies there must rise a further beauty; for every desolate December there must come a gladsome May.

THE PULPIT.

Theodore Parker.

A STUDY FROM THE RECENT LIFE BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A SERMON

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 11, 1900.

I seek this morning to awaken a new interest in Theodore Parker because I believe in the contagion of a noble purpose, the power of a high ideal, and that the final argument of religion and morals is ever found in a triumphant soul, a conquering character. It is forty years and over since the wasted body was laid away in the beautiful Protestant cemetery at Florence, close by the place where a year later the dust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was laid. But Theodore Parker is still a living power in the world. His message is gaining in coherency. He still stands in the foremost files as a leader of leaders. As he approached the mystic river, the busy brain wandered, but it was in the way of wisdom and of prophecy, when he said to his friend, interpreter and subsequent editor and biographer, Frances Power Cobbe, who had come all the way from England to be with him at the river's brink, "There are two Theodore Parkers now. One is dying here in Italy; the other I planted in America. He will live there and finish my work."

It is in the interest of this living Theodore Parker that I would speak this morning, the Theodore Parker that is still at work humanizing theology, purifying politics, glorifying the state, vitalizing the old church and preparing the way for that unity of churches and harmony of effort which will give us the new church, the church of love, of harmony and co-operation, the new catholic church of humanity built on the ruins of sectarianism, out of the love and loyalty, the wisdom and the goodness that all the sects seek to conserve and have done so much to create.

Theodore Parker is no new name in this church. His story is more than a twice told tale in this pulpit. His face ever looks down benignantly into your faces, and that great brow, the noble dome of thought, though cast in clay, ever companions and inspires him whose privilege it is to speak to you.

The appearance of a new Life of Theodore Parker, "Preacher and Reformer," by our friend, John W. Chadwick, is the glad excuse and joyous occasion for this one word more concerning the preacher who more than any other has been my strength, my guide and my comfort in the ministry.

The first Life of Theodore Parker, two portly volumes made superlatively valuable by the great amount of Theodore Parker himself there imbedded in the revealing correspondence to all sorts and conditions of men and women and apparently upon all the topics that touch human life, from the perplexities of the kitchen through the perplexities of state, to the mysteries of eternity, by John Weiss, was published in 1864. The number of the first volume of this book in my own library is 374. John Chadwick's book bears the number 4545. Between these numbers is found everything available in English concerning Theodore Parker that has appeared in book form between that time and this. The year after the appearance of Weiss' book, Albert Réville published a life in French which was promptly translated. In 1874 Octavius B. Frothingham, upon whose shoulders, perhaps more than of any other one man, fell the mantle of leadership in liberal religious thought in America, published his noble biography of five hundred and eighty-five pages, of which Mr. Chadwick says in this new work: "Much careful study has made it far more beautiful to me than it had been to my careless reading, and gladly would I sink this craft of mine if by so doing that might renew its course and carry its rich freight to friendly and to alien men."

In 1877 Peter Dean, an Englishman, wrote a simpler life of Parker, which on account of its brevity and cheapness has gone into many homes across the water where Weiss and Frothingham could not reach.

In 1883 Frances B. Cooke, an English lady, wrote a child's life of Parker which Mr. Chadwick says "catches the spirit of his life in an exceptional manner and degree," although "disfigured by many inaccuracies." In addition to all this Theodore Parker wore his heart upon his sleeve in the glaring light of public service for twenty years or more. For fifteen years he was the most conspicuous person in the Boston pulpit, during which time he came to be the most dreaded and one of the most beloved ministers in America, his parish roll in Boston at one time reaching seven thousand names. Music Hall, his great auditorium, had a maximum capacity of three thousand, and for seven years this noble audience room was well filled on Sunday mornings and sometimes crowded. But even this was an inadequate pulpit for Theodore Parker. Though the churches, even the most liberal in America, were closed to him, as we shall presently see, Theodore Parker became one of the great platform preachers of his time. He was bishop of the lyceum. He himself estimated that through this medium he had been reaching sixty thousand souls a year for ten years and he modestly hoped that he had left a definite impression at least upon one-half of one per cent of this number. The thought of this minimum of three thousand lives touched and quickened by him was his consolation as he turned his back upon his growing work, his loving constituency and his own flaming aspirations on a "fruitless quest of health." And still beyond this, Theodore Parker was a letter writer. To the immeasurable interest of humanity he ante-dated the stenographer, typewriter, telegraph and telephone, forces that have eliminated the letter writer well nigh out of the world. His letters often amounted to books. The farewell letter, written from Santa Cruz, was published as such. It covers seventy-six of the large pages in Weiss' life. It is a careful summing up of his experience in the ministry and is still the best interpreter of the man available. Even under the shadows of death, when the news of the John Brown sacrifice reached him, his letter to an American correspondent is one of the valuable contributions to the literature of that great tragedy, a letter of six thousand words which would cover some twenty-four pages of the size of those in Chadwick's book. John Brown's execution was on the 22d day of December, 1859. The martyrdom of Theodore Parker to the same cause culminated on the tenth day of May, 1860.

Still, notwithstanding all this biographical matter already at hand, Chadwick's book is a valuable contribution and a timely publication. It will find grateful welcome in the hearts of those who with him love the great name of Theodore Parker and have shared with him the inspirations that flowed through him. And still better, if I mistake not, it will prove an eventful introduction to countless readers who have not yet known Theodore Parker after the manner of the spirit.

I welcome this new life of Theodore Parker not simply for the modest reasons urged by the author that the two volume life of John Weiss is out of print and that Frothingham's book is costly and voluminous, but because John Chadwick had lived in the sunshine of Parker's thought, heard his persuasive voice, been touched by his devout spirit and strengthened by him in his own wide reading, vigorous study and fearless research. John Chadwick has gone over the ground once more, read all that the rest of us have access to, with a constructive purpose, and that other great mass

of revealing material hidden from the rest of us, found in the unpublished manuscripts, the priceless letters only a small portion of which have seen the light. Again, Mr. Chadwick has been a close student not only of the theological agitations and developments of which Theodore Parker was the center, but the ecclesiastical and personal complications. Of the various "tempests in the Unitarian teapot," from that started by Emerson's Divinity School Address down to the Western issue, Mr. Chadwick can say, "All of which I have seen and much of which I have been." No other man now living is so well qualified to tell the story of these agitations without heat and with no reservations mental or spiritual as John Chadwick. How then could we be other than glad over this new reading of the old story, this truer perspective secured by the longer time range? It is a calmer estimate of the battle than was possible while the combatants were still on the field.

This story, satisfactory as it is to those who have been interested in the struggle and in some small way been a part of the strain, yet the very excellence of the book calls for another. Mr. Chadwick is too closely connected with the Unitarian side of Theodore Parker to give us that biography that will fire the young men of the twentieth century. The theological battle of Theodore Parker has been fought and won. His work as a controversialist was perhaps the least admirable in his life. Certainly the battle with the Unitarian ministers was but an incident in the greater battle which a great commanding soul is ever doomed to fight with his smaller neighbors. That he anticipated his Unitarian contemporaries by half a century at least goes without the saying, and the Unitarian part of this struggle may be summed up in the fact that they were so in advance of the other denominations of Christendom at this time that they hesitated where others would have precipitated; they halted where the rest of Christendom would have hurried and they gave the cold shoulder to the men who were ahead of them, their divinely appointed leader instead of the hot anathema and the prompt expulsion which organized Christianity in its other partitions has ever had in store for the great leaders of thought, the century landmarks in history. So strong was the predilection of Unitarianism to freedom and fair play or at least to good fellowship that the Boston association of ministers were ashamed to do the thing their logic called for. The Thursday Lectureship, a venerable Boston institution, committed suicide, as Mr. Chadwick shows, in order that they might not have to invite Theodore Parker in his turn; and the laity seem to have heaped their revenge upon the secondary men. A very considerable element of James Freeman Clarke's society, measured by influence and by money, withdrew because he would exchange with the dangerous Theodore Parker, and the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches practically retired John T. Sargent from the ministry for the same offense.

It is well to have these painful but trifling incidents in the life of Theodore Parker told once more and told with such care and fairness that they probably need never be stated again. But the twentieth century will care little for the controversies of Boston Unitarianism and only the antiquarian will care to dig up these details that mark the travail of spiritual progress and the cost of religious freedom. What the twentieth century will care for I believe with increasing interest is the splendid courage of this great American preacher, he, who, because of the largeness of his soul, the virility of his mind and above all, the majesty of his conscience, made his pulpit so powerful in American politics that it rivaled, aye, exceeded, any chair in the United States senate. He was an uncommissioned member in the cabinet of the United States government, a secretary of justice for the nation that outranked the secretary of state or secretary of the treasury, dwarfed the presidential chair itself, and made the occupant thereof insignificant and oftentimes despicable. What the twentieth century will be interested in will be the Theodore Parker, that was capable of vast learning, who did master countless books and who perhaps stood for more erudition of a certain kind than any man of his generation in America; and yet deliberately turned his back upon his library that he might be the friend of the poor, the counselor of the enslaved, the pastor of the black man.

Through the help of Mr. Chadwick let us look at the facts that substantiate these assertions, facts largely arranged for us by Mr. Chadwick, for in the preparation of this discourse I have left my other Theodore Parker volumes unconsulted and divers manuscripts anent Theodore Parker undisturbed in the barrel.

When we look at Theodore Parker's ancestry we find only the good stock planted in hardy soil which is capable of surprises. He was one of the "sports" in the spiritual vineyard of New England. For one hundred and seventy-five years before his birth Parker's ancestry was American. They were common people, plain, hard working toilers on the farm and in the shop. It is true that Parker glorified by inscribing upon his seal the motto found upon an old coat of arms that might have belonged to an uncle of the Thomas Parker who in 1602 married a granddaughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall, "Moved neither by the billow nor the blast." The indisputable inheritance that came down the Parker line was large families, hard work and a fatal tendency to consumption. But the Parkers were considerable people in their rustic settings. They did their part in town administration and they were ready when liberty claimed them as her children. One of them offered his breast to a bayonet at Lexington, and John Parker, the grandfather, was the one who mustered the minute men on the village green on the 19th day of April, 1775, and said, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have war, let it begin here!" The old musket that Captain Parker used that day hung over Theodore Parker's study table and is now one of the treasured mementoes preserved in the senate chamber of the Boston state house.

Theodore Parker came to his mental training like all farmer boys, late. But while he worked on the farm he kept up with the Harvard classes. He worked on the farm or taught school and paid the wages of a hired man that took his place on the farm. In due time he passed all the examinations successfully, but was entitled to no degree because he had never been in residence at Cambridge. Latterly, through the influence of his old friend and tutor, Prof. Francis, he was offered his "B. A." if he could pay four years' tuition fees, but this he was unable to do and he went forth to his work untitled, and it was Harvard College, not Theodore Parker, that was honored when it gave him the honorary degree of "A. M.," when he was thirty years of age. Then came years of teaching, for about twenty-five dollars a month. One-half of his theological course was finished before he had money to go into residence. When he landed at Harvard a junior he was able to take the place of the professor of Hebrew when he had to be absent. He was twenty-six years old when he graduated, and spent a year in candidating. Barnstable, Northfield, Greenfield and I know not how many other fields, were afraid to trust this young giant's tilling, although at that time his rustic awkwardness and "ill-fitting clothes" were probably more of a menace than the budding heresy, though Mr. Chadwick says he had already a bad name in this direction. It was already whispered that he was a "Transcendentalist." Alas, how many people have been frightened by a long name. The penta-syllabic character of the word had much to do in making a goblin of this innocent and altogether spiritual movement in its day.

The young giant was impatient to get to work, chiefly it would seem because he wanted to get married and get down to his task of translating DeWette's introduction to the Old Testament. At last the call came; $600 a year, enough for the young man to venture out on a home, for had not $200 taken him through the divinity school. And he could at a pinch piece it out by teaching for he was already "staving" along through the languages and the dialects of which he finally had at least twenty at his command, Mr. Chadwick tells us.

Indeed, the first striking characteristic of the man is his love of books, his marvelous power of mental acquisition. He had what his biographer calls "a greed of erudition." This love of books began with the purchase of a latin dictionary with his huckleberry money when he was 12 years old; it ended with 13,000 volumes which now occupy an attractive nook in the Boston library. Between teaching and love making we are told that he had mastered Cicero, Tacitus, Herodotus, Thucydides and five or six other Greeks, and had read Cousin, Jouffrey and Coleridge. At Cambridge, besides the studies which are supposed to be arduous to the average student, he mastered Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Icelandic, Chaldaic, Persian, Coptic, Arabic, and was nibbling away at Swedish, Danish and modern Greek. On pages 71, 129, 151, 159, 160, 163 and elsewhere Mr. Chadwick drops into details not only of this man's love of books but his power of assimilating them. And he tells us he could fill chapters with letters that came to Parker, seeking remote and out of the way information. Col. Higginson tells of how, having baffled two chief justices and Charles Sumner with a question concerning some mediæval law lore, Mr. Sumner said, "Try Parker." Instantly Parker replied, "Go to the Harvard College library. On the fifth shelf, in the fourth left hand alcove you will find a thick quarto volume entitled 'Potgeiser de Statu Servorum,' which will give you all the information you want." The greatest surprise in this matter to Col. Higginson, as to us, lies in the fact that Parker was right, the book was there.

But Parker was no book worm and never could have been under any circumstances. He not only loved the out of doors, the flowers, birds and rocks along the way, but he loved human nature too well; common, everyday human nature. His nine years' ministry in West Roxbury was a loving ministry to common people. His sermons were such as touched the gardeners, farmers, plodding fathers and patient mothers. He had a sermon on "The Temptations of Milkmen" and "The Problems of Wage Earning Women." The great and permanent vacancy in his heart, caused by the fact that no children were ever given to him to call his own, was partly filled by the love and light of numberless children which he borrowed from other homes to make them love him. Alongside of the satchel full of books that accompanied him on his lecture tour was the bag of sweets for the children that he might encounter along the way.

But Theodore Parker could not love the individual without having a care for that larger individual we call society, that corporate life we call the state. He was doomed to a public ministry in the broadest sense of that word. He was first, last and all the time a political preacher. Politics to him was identical with religion and his whole soul loathed that piety that had nothing to do with the sins of the state, the corruptions of men in high places and the political issues that were seething about him, charged with the weal or the woe of the humanity he loved. He had little time to preach about the degeneracy of the Romans, the perfidy of the Jews, the corruptions of the Catholic Church or the entanglements of Luther. His sermons were of the "Moral and Spiritual Conditions of Boston," "The Signs of the Times," "The Chief Sins of the People," "The Nebraska Question," "A Sermon of the Merchants," "Some Thoughts on the Free Soil Party and the Election of General Taylor," on "The Horrors and Iniquity of the Mexican War." When he preached about the "Pharisees," the "Perishing Classes" and "Poverty," you may be sure that there were plenty of people in the vast audiences who wished he would confine himself to matters of religion, and "attend to his own business;" plenty who thought he had no business to take politics into his pulpit. But thereby did he become a prophet to the prophets, a leader of leaders, the mighty power among the powerful. Of course such a man at such a time became the oracle of freedom in its most concrete form. The history of the anti-slavery movement in America is woven all through with the work and the words of Theodore Parker. He would defy the law of the state when it called upon him to give up a human being as a chattel, the property of another.

But think you, if he was alive to-day, he would find nothing in public affairs to arouse his indignation, no near cry of the wronged and no far reaching evil that needed his immediate attention? On June 7, 1846, he preached his great sermon of war with that "Mexican war that was wholly wrong" as a case in point. In regard to the questions which the imbecile, the conservative and the complacent are forever hurling at the prophet—"What can *we* do in regard to it? How can *I* help it?" his reply came hot and swift:

"We can refuse to take any part in it. We can encourage others to do the same. We can aid men, if need be, who suffer because they refuse. Men will call us traitors. What then? That hurt nobody in 1776. We are a rebellious nation. Our whole history is treason. Our blood was tainted before we were born. Our creeds are infidelity to the mother church; our constitution treason to our fatherland. What of that? Though all the governments in the world bid us commit treason against man and set the example, let us never submit." In this sermon he described the United States as "a great boy fighting a little one, and that little one feeble and sick. What makes it worse is the little boy is in the right and the big boy is in the wrong and tells solemn lies to make his side seem right." That was unwelcome talk to the majority party in Boston at that time. And we shall go far for a period in the history of the United States when such a man as Theodore Parker would have only mealy words and flowery rhetoric concerning the civic issues and wrongs of his time. Later the great captain of our great war, the heroic General Grant, sitting under the shadows of death, wrote:

"It was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies in not considering justice in their desire to acquire additional territory. * * * We got our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war of modern times."

But the source of all this personal power and ethical passion can easily be traced to the profound religious nature that Parker possessed. Of all the men of Boston he was pre-eminently the man of faith in those days, and to the young men and women of the twentieth century Theodore Parker will be as a star, because he will be seen as a prophet of religion. His every innovation was in the interest of faith, his every denial was prompted by a deep spiritual affirmation. The first sermon he preached in Boston after that meeting of young men had "Resolved that Theodore Parker should have an opportunity to be heard in Boston," was on "The Indispensableness of True Religion to Man." And his last sermon was on "What Religion may do for man." I must think that his greatest book was his discourse of "Matters Pertaining to Religion," a book published in the thirty-second year

of his age. It is thirty-five years since I first read that book and I look back to the experiences that cluster around that reading with increasing awe and gratitude. It was to me as to many other young ministers one of the great spiritual events of my life. It was written in 1842, fifty-eight years ago, before Max Muller was heard of, probably before the term "comparative religion" was invented, but with that insight born out of sympathy he was able to take a birdseye view of the religious experience of mankind. He summoned all of the religious systems of the world into court and found that they all testified to the value and permanence of all the fundamental elements of Christianity. These elements, as he discovered them, were: "The thought of the Infinite," "The sense of duty" and "The undying hope." In other words—"God," "Right," "Immortality." These he held so passionately that he burned himself out in promulgating them, and what is still more—in practicing them. This made Parker the great preacher, compelled a hearing in spite of theological heresy, political antagonisms and defiance of time. For seven years he preached in a poor but large hall called the Melodeon before the Music Hall received him in Boston. In his last sermon before leaving this hall he said: "These old walls have never been very comfortable. The winter's cold has chilled us, the summer's heat has burned us. The air has been poisoned with contaminations. The dirt has been everywhere. As I have stood here I have often seen the spangles of opera dancers (who beguiled the previous night) lying on the floor beside me." Yet his audience joined with him in saying, "God be thanked for these old but spacious walls. In the tombs of dead men did the only live religion find its dwelling place in Rome."

When he began his great sermon on "The Death of Webster" he warned them that he "was going to tax their time beyond even his usual wont." And he did. Chadwick said, "It took between two and three hours to deliver it. In its printed form it occupies over ninety-five pages in the English edition of his work, edited by Frances Power Cobbe. But it was a sermon to read which forms an event in one's life; how much more to have heard it. What pathos lies beneath the scathing criticism, when he describes Webster as trying to make wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence; but these wings were unfeathered in his flight, and now "on the sullen shores a mighty wreck great Webster lies."

This was the mighty preacher who, broken in health at 50, wandered for a year through tropic climes and European scenes, sweating drops of blood not for himself but for the beloved Twenty-Eighth Society of Boston, for noble Boston itself, for the great nation he yearned for and for all the world that he loved.

This is the Theodore Parker who stands as the center of the great and noble of his time. What a galaxy of names gather around Parker. What a ministry was that which impinged upon the lives of Emerson and Alcott, Sumner and Curtis, Higginson and Horace Mann, the Howes, the Cheneys, the Mays and all the rest of them. England's great spiritual leader who survived him by forty years, spied him in his youth. While there was but one Unitarian pulpit in Boston that dared open for him. James Martineau welcomed him to his Liverpool pulpit. He understood him. How generous, too, was this noble humanity towards him; how congenial was the companionship, how tender was the love. Before he began his Boston work he had a year's respite in Europe and the expenses were borne by a friend. His salary was never more than $2,500, but through the generosity of friends, the resources of the lecture field and the inheritance of his wife, he never knew the money agony, which more than all other agonies outside of a clouded conscience fetters and thwarts a preacher.

But even with this intelligent backing and sympathetic co-operation, how suggestive were some of the facts brought out in this biography.

The most laborious piece of scholarship he ever accomplished was the translation of DeWette's introduction to the Old Testament, with a vast amount of collateral material. It was the forerunner of what is now known as the higher criticism, a book of profound significance. The plates cost him $2,000. It appeared in 1843. In 1858, fifteen years after, he had only received $775 of it back. Think of the materiality of even such friendship as Theodore Parker enjoyed that would compel this great man, in addition to the brain investment, all the cost of nerve and tax of strength, to expend upwards of $1,200 for the sake of giving to the world that which no capitalist, no business man in America could have produced. If Theodore Parker stands for anything he stands for the power of an idea. If there is anything to be regretted on the part of his friends it is their stolidity in the presence of his greatest need, the economic blindness that withheld the support where support was most needed. He represented the intangible potencies, the immaterial charities which are always the most fundamental. Human hearts feed upon them while the sources from which they come are being starved by them.

This is the lesson most valuable in the life of Theodore Parker for these times: He rebukes the clamor for "practicality." He chills the passion for the prosperities in the interest of a passion for the humanities. He demonstrates the practical value of the scholar, proves the helpfulness of thought and the ultimate power of ideas. The cesspools of vice must be drained by moral power, spiritual force, by disinterested thought; nothing else can drain them to the bottom. Parker ridiculed the "church termagant," the church that merely scolds at sin and rails at the bad; he sought to replace it by the "church militant," the church that will fight wrong, champion the unpopular, lead in the advance.

In these days there comes to us another vision of the church; higher than the "church militant," it is the "church ministrant," the church that applies itself to the needs of the ignorant, the poor and the lonely; the church that consecrates itself to the service of all mankind. The church that goes into a business in the interest of the Kingdom and is a its business seven days in the week.

Friends, our dream is that of the "Church Ministrant." We profess to believe in ideals. We fain would help bear the burdens of the burdened, ameliorate the badness of the world. Let the story of the great Parker point us to the higher and the better way of accomplishing this end. He was not one thing in the closet and another thing in the pulpit. Neither let us be one thing in the office and another thing in the church, one thing on Sunday and another on Monday.

When the friend gave him means to turn his back on the little West Roxbury meeting house for a year's outing in Europe he wrote, "In this year I shall increase my debt to the world by every potato I eat, each mile I travel. How shall I repay that debt? Only by extraordinary efforts after I return."

Friends, you and I have not paid for our potatoes when we have satisfied the grocer, for more than the farmer that planted and hoed are the sun and the rain that made them possible, the providence that fitted them into our life, the humanity that brought them to our door. We eat dishonorable food and wear clothes we have not paid for unless we meet these higher bills and settle these honest debts which each one of us owes to the world, the amount of which is determined

by the amount we claim. The assessments of God are *ad valorem* and never *per capita,* for that which we call ours we owe a debt, in proportion to our claim, as much as did Theodore Parker. Let us try to pay our debts in as honorable and high a fashion as he paid his.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Hilda Wade.*

A publisher's note relates a touching incident in connection with this book. It was concluded, except the last chapter, when the failing strength of its lamented author proved unequal to the task of finishing it, and his friend and neighbor, Dr. Conan Doyle, wrote the finale after getting the ideas of the dying man. But if this is all that Dr. Doyle did as collaborator, the story offers a remarkable proof of the influence of mind upon mind, for the heroine who gives name to the book is really the feminine double of the renowned Sherlock Holmes, his invariable success in building amazing superstructures of correct conclusion upon the narrowest bases of fact by the method of logical induction, being exactly paralleled by this remarkable young woman's powers of intuition, helped out by an almost (sometimes quite) miraculous memory. Holmes was a professional detective and Hilda an amateur, otherwise one would certainly surmise that in addition to her other remarkable endowments Miss Wade was a changeling.

The story is well written and carries one along smoothly—almost too smoothly; for sometimes one is disposed to look back to see whether some pages have not been skipped when he finds himself landed unexpectedly in South Africa or Farther India after the briefest transition from London drawing rooms.

And here a reflection on our curiously divided current fiction obtrudes itself. The romantic press of to-day seems to be devoting itself, outside of the historical field, to two sharply distinguished classes of novels: One of these exploits the baldest realism—allows nothing to be told that might not occur in the most commonplace life; the other, with the same flowing and readable style, indulges in flights of improbability which keep the reader gasping, and wondering whether he is awake and reading a story of to-day, or dreaming out a new chapter of the Arabian Nights or Baron Munchausen.

Consider this same London drawing-room young lady, for instance, who, while "poising a glacé cherry on her dessert fork" at a dinner party, prophesies that her host will murder his newly married wife within a twelvemonth—founding her predictions, not on any traits observable in the predestined murderer, but upon certain physiological peculiarities in the to-be-murdered lady. Of course the slaughter occurs as punctually as that of Cæsar on the Ides of March.

Then there is the villain of the book, Dr. Sebastian, who is described as a high-toned and passionless scientist. This man of spotless reputation, on finding that Hilda suspects him of having accused her father of a medical murder which he had himself committed, proceeds to plot *her* removal from this mundane sphere. This he attempts first by means of "cultured pyæmic bacilli;" then when, with a pardonable objection to this method of exit, she slips over to Rhodesia to avoid him, he follows her and raises a Matabele insurrection there with the result of killing many hundreds of white settlers, but of course not Hilda. Failing in these simple plans, he tracks the heroine and her lover (with whom she wanders about the world as unconcernedly as if they were flies) to the Himalayas and has her party decoyed to a forbidden Thibetan monastery, hoping that the enraged monks will do for her (and incidentally, of course, for her half-dozen companions).

But Hilda, having accidentally read one Buddhist book, so outdoes the monks themselves in devotional attentions to their divinity (with the aid of her lover, who intones "Hoky-poky, winky-wum" at appropriate intervals) that the party is presently in as great danger of being sacrificed as profitable tomb saints as they were previously of being immolated as heretics. But of course they get away in the nick of time to discover the scientist down with the plague, nurse him back to life and corral him with themselves on a London-bound ship.

Then, when we thought our game finally bagged, there intervenes a sensational shipwreck and we are regaled with the spectacle of Hilda and her undetachable lover and the scientist (now dying) floating about in the English Channel in cold weather for three days without food or water, on a raft made of two benches strapped together!

Of course the scientist, kept alive by Hilda's devoted nursing, gets home and vindicates the memory of Hilda's father, and the book ends with the reader breathless, but relieved by the certainty that Miss Wade and her lover can get married at last and settle down to such life as may be left them after such "exiviatory and lanceolating" adventures. C. S. K.

*Hilda Wade, by Grant-Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, $1.50.

November Magazines.

New England Magazine. How any one who has ever called New England home can afford to be without it is the question that first presents itself as we open it monthly. There is always an exquisitely illustrated article on some point of historical interest and the fiction is bright and wholesome, and in almost any number one is liable to chance on some little gem in verse. Note the four lines in the current number by Lambert Reynolds Thomas, entitled "Toys."

> A broken sword, a bishop's crook,
> A tarnished crown, a tattered book;
> Toys once much prized, but thrown away
> When Earth's tired children ceased to play.

The Century—With this number begins the magazine's thirty-first year. Its columns are full of interest and the exquisite effects of colored printing are shown in an out-door paper by Morris Thompson descriptive of the shores of Mexico, and in the three full-page reproductions of the work of a "New Sculptor," by Hendrick Christian Andersen. The opening pages of a novelette by Hamlin Garland, "Her Mountain Lover," appear in this number, and the beginning of a group of papers on Daniel Webster, by John Bach McMaster, the historian, are finely illustrated with portraits. The cover of this number is in itself a work of art.

The World's Work. November brings the first number of this magazine to the editor's table. It is edited by Walter H. Page and published by Doubleday, Page & Company, and, as the name indicates, deals with current events in the world's work and history. A special feature consists of photographs of wild animal life. If the initial illustrations by A. Radclyffe Dugmore are an indication of what is to follow, a rich field of surprise and delight is opened out by this publication for lovers of the "new hunting."

The first duty of religion is to form the highest possible conception of God.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—How constant each separate thing in nature is to its own life and how sole is its obligation to live that life only.

MON.—He had an eye which was not merely an opening and a closing, but a seeing eye.

TUES.—One sure reward ye have—just the struggle; for real struggling is itself real living.

WED.—Close together stand the stalks making common cause for soil and light, the fibre being better when so grown—as is also the fibre of men.

THURS.—The human mind is ever putting forth a thousand things which are the expression of its life for a brief season.

FRI.—Looking backward man has been brought to see that rend him faith and doubt ever will, but destroy him never.

SAT.—Fall! Everywhere seeds of the forest, now made ripe in their high places, are sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall arise again as the living generation.

James Lane Allen.

Matins.

I threw some crumbs from my window
At the falling of the night,
And I thought no more about them
Till, at break of morning light,
A ceaseless chirping and twitter
On the frosty air I heard;
'Twas the sparrows' morning blessing,
And my heart with joy was stirred;
For 'tis something to make happy
Even the heart of a bird.

It gave me a pleasant keynote
For the music of the day;
A song of thanks for each blessing
I should find along its way;
A thought for the joy of others,
And how oft with little care
I might give some crumbs of pleasure
To another heart, and bear
In my own a double measure
For the sake of another's share.

—Homes for the Homeless.

The Blind Canary.

LESSON TAUGHT BY A BIRD.

While our hostess entertained us at the table a beautiful little canary broke forth into such exquisite strains as arrested all conversation to listen. He seemed the very incarnation of song. His little throat swelled with the ardor of his strain, and interwoven all through the simple melody were intricate and involved passages of a delicacy and clearness that evoked the highest admiration. But while we watched him the bird seemed singularly still—apart from his song, moving but slightly upon his perch and then with evident caution. We inquired the reason of his peculiar carriage and learned that the poor bird was blind. It seems some careless servant had left him in the hot sun one day, more than a year before, and he had suffered sudden and irremediable blindness.

So this bit of animated song who had charmed us with his vocal accomplishments was singing in a world unpierced by any ray of light. He was not only caged, but unable to see the bars of that cage or beyond them. Yet, our hostess assured us, there had never been a period in his brief bird-life unmarked by song. We inquired particularly upon this point, because under similar circumstances it would seem a human being would have fallen into silence and melancholy and despair. So sudden and causeless and cruel had been his fate that we should not have been surprised had it stilled, and that forever, the flow of song. On the contrary, his music had acquired a richness and variety and expression never known before.—*Exchange.*

Saved by a Monkey.

A gentleman who had been traveling in Africa brought a large monkey home with him. The monkey loved his master very much, but he loved his master's baby boy still more. One day a fire broke out in the gentleman's house. Everybody was busy trying to put it out, and no one thought of the baby till it was too late. The staircase was already in flames. What was to be done? Men rushed for a ladder to reach the window, but a ladder was of no use now. As they were looking up with tears in their eyes what do you think they saw? They saw a hairy hand and arm push up the nursery window. Then out came the monkey carrying the baby in his arms. Down he climbed, slowly and carefully, and brought the little boy safely to the nurse. How the faithful monkey was praised and petted for his brave deed!—*Chatterbox.*

The Home a Defense.

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farmhouse and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is "home."—*Talmage.*

A Life-Motto.

Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.
Go follow it in spirit and in letter,
This is the Christ-religion which men need.

—Selected.

Less and More.

Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; talk less, think more; preach less, practice more. *—Selected.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch. E. P. Powell.
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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

What Lack I Yet.

Suggested by the story of the young man who went away sorrowful.

"Lord, what lack I yet?
From youth to age I have the law unsullied kept,
I ever in the temple have been found,
And where God's holy people do abound."

The godly youth still stood with quiet grace,
Seeking to find an answer in that face
Which shone with light divine. Then with reverence and with awe,
"Dear Lord," he cried, "have I not kept the law?"

And still that face looked full into his own;
"Have you possessions?" "Aye, and gold unknown."
"Go, sell, give to the poor and follow me;
Then shall eternal life be known to thee."

"What! sell my lands! Give o'er my coffers full!"
What wonder that the youth was sorrowful!
And yet, we daily go our way,
When Jesus, friends and duty bid us stay.

Oh, consecrate us, Lord! Heart, mind and strength,
Not for ourselves alone, but that at length
Some child of thine may through us find thy side,
May find thy peace, and in that peace abide.

"What lack I yet?" O God, that unto thee
We lift that cry, and lift it mightily
We pray; nor cease our question, or its answer lose,
While one, in earth's vast round, thy love refuse.

WESTFIELD, MASS. LUCY A. MILTON.

Foreign Notes.

WOMEN PRINTERS.—London has an association of women compositors owning its own printing establishment, where beginners are initiated into the secrets of the typesetter's art. In this establishment all the work is done by women, of whom 200 are employed. There is a similar association in Edinburgh, which has more than 1,000 members. The first year the apprentice receives $1.25 a week; the second year, $1.75; the third, from $4 to $5. Proofreaders receive on an average, $6; if they have literary culture, from $8 to $10. The working hours are from 8 to 1 and from 2 to 6, except Saturday afternoon, which regularly is a half holiday.—*Le Signal*, Geneva.

WOMEN IN THE ENGLISH POSTAL SERVICE.—During the last thirty years the number of women employed in English post-offices has risen from forty to 30,000. which is the best evidence of the excellent way in which they perform their duties. The salaries vary from $280 to $2,500. At the end of ten years they are entitled to a pension.—*Ibid.*

RACE FEELING.—The following from the *Indian Messenger* of Calcutta has a strangely familiar ring to it:

"It is remarked by all who have some knowledge of the olden days that before the introduction of English education, and the throwing open of posts of respectability to the people of this country, officials and other English residents of Bengal were very kind to their native subordinates. They accepted invitations at their houses on the occasions of marriages, gave dowries to their daughters, made presents to their wives, provided their children with employments, and did everything to show their favor. But since the introduction of English education, and the appearance of the educated Bengali on the scene, everything became changed. The native subordinate is shunned and despised. The educated Bengali has made himself hateful to his rulers. The cause is to be found in the change of behavior in the former. He would no longer tamely submit to the treatment which the Bengalis of a by-gone generation patiently bore. In the old records we find the case of a certain Chatterji Babu, who had absconded from office to avoid the displeasure of his English master, but was subsequently carried to his office, tied hand and foot to a bamboo on the shoulders of four stalwart bearers. Again we read, even a wise ruler like Sir Henry Lawrence ordered one of his native surveyors to perch, as a punishment, on the branch of a tree for several hours. The men submitted to the punishment and were patted by their masters on the back, like children, as a mark of consideration for their aggrieved feelings. No Bengali would submit to a procedure like that at the present time. Besides the Bengali press would raise a howl. There lies the rub. As long as there was the relationship of the patron and the protege matters ran smooth and Englishmen were full of propitiousness. But as soon as there came self-assertion on the one hand and the development of that mysterious quality called self-respect on the other, there also came a revulsion of feeling on the part of the Englishmen, a disposition to withhold what was formerly given as a favor, but was now demanded as a right. A similar revulsion of feeling seems to have taken place in the southern states of America."

Precisely! This very summer an intelligent American negro said to me: The old type of negro who called the white man Massa and was humble, submissive and deferential could frequent the white man's house, associate with his family and even sit down to the table with them on a footing of the utmost familiarity. The darkey of that type can still do this to-day. It is only the educated, self-respecting negro that the white will not associate with. Yet we do not seek their society. All we ask is protection in those common rights guaranteed by the constitution and the laws to all men irrespective of color.

M. E. H.

Michigan Conference.—The following is a program of the conference that convenes next week with the Holland Unitarian Church at Grand Rapids:

MONDAY, NOV. 19.

7:30 p. m.—Platform meeting—The Unitarian Gospel: (1) "Man," Rev. H. B. Bard, Lansing; (2) "Jesus," Rev. Reed Stuart, Detroit; (3) "God," Rev. Charles E. St. John, Boston; (4) "Immortality," Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo.

9 p. m.—Reception to delegates.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

1 a. m.—"Church Extension in Michigan": I. Reports from churches. II. Report from Field Agent, Rev. Florence Buck. III. "The Next Step Forward," Rev. F. C. Southworth. IV. General discussion and business.

NOON LUNCH IN CHURCH.

2 p. m.—"How to Make a Church Grow," address by Rev. Samuel J. Stewart, Battle Creek.

2:30 p. m.—Discussion, by Rev. Geo. W. Buckley, Battle Creek; Rev. Eliza M. H. Abbott, Grand Haven; Rev. A. M. Rihbany, Morenci; Rev. Marie Sprague Holden, Grand Rapids; Hon. A. C. Kingman, Battle Creek; Hon. W. W. Hyde, Grand Rapids; Rev. F. P. Daniels, Manistee; Rev. A. K. Beem, Benton Harbor; Rev. P. M. Johnson, Jackson; Rev. Wm. J. Cameron, Brooklyn, and others.

4 p. m.—Closing business.

7:30 p. m.—Conference sermon, "A Needed Church." Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Kalamazoo.

NEW YORK CITY. "The Little Church Around the Corner" has just celebrated its fifty-second anniversary. Dr. George H. Houghton, who was the pastor who gave "The Little Church" its name and fame, is succeeded by his nephew of the same name. These two rectors span fifty years of service, testifying thereby to the abiding power of church and minister devoted to the work and needs of the spirit.

LYNN, MASS.—The Rev. Samuel B. Stewart has just been celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of his settlement as pastor of the Unitarian church of this place. The *Christian Register* tells us that there are but five ministers in the Unitarian denomination who have served a longer time in a continuous pastorate. UNITY extends its congratulations to this friend of UNITY.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the faculty and students of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa., held on the evening of October 24, 1900, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the faculty and students of the Meadville Theological School share the grief and sense of loss occasioned

by the death of Rev. Dr. Charles Carroll Everett, dean of the Divinity School of Harvard University. Some of us have known the charm of his delightful presence and genial friendship; many of us have made special study of his acute and penetrating thought, and we all have recognized the beauty of his singularly child-like wisdom, his deftly luminous style, the apt candor and cogency of his deeply spiritual view of philosophical and religious truth. We profoundly feel that the higher thought of this country has lost one of its leading teachers and inspirers, and that in his departure one of the world's sunniest and truest spirits has passed beyond our sight.

Resolved, That we proffer to Dean Everett's associates in Harvard University and the Harvard Divinity School the assurance of our sympathy in the loss which is also ours, and with his pupils we earnestly hope that the publication of his lectures and hitherto uncollected papers may be speedily arranged for and carried out.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent with the expression of our respectful sympathies to Dr. Everett's daughter and to the President of Harvard University.

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Books Received.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Lawmaker. By John M. Taylor. $1.50.

Heroes of the Nations. Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland. By Robert Dunlop, M. A. $1.50.

The Care of the Consumptive. By Charles Fox Gardiner, M. D. $1.25.

THE MACMILLAN CO., 66 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Political Parties in the United States. 1846-1861. By Jesse Macy, A. M., LL.D. $1.25.

An Introduction to the New Testament. By Benjamin Wisher Bacon, D. D.

EULIAN PUBLISHING CO., SALEM, MASS.

Evolution of Immortality. By Rosecrucia.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1898-99.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON, MASS.

Quicksand. By Hervey White. $1.50.

Tuskegee. Its Story and Its Work. By Max Bennett Thrasher, with an Introduction by Booker Thrasher.

PAMPHLETS

University of Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin No. 60. The Economic Entomology of the Sugar Beet.

HEATH'S HOME AND SCHOOL CLASSICS

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. By John Ruskin. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. 64 pages. 10 cents.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. I. A Voyage to Lilliput. II. A Voyage to Brobdingnag. Edited by Thomas M. Balliet, Superintendent of Schools, Springfield, Mass. Profusely illustrated. 128 pages. Each 15 cents.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. Edited by Thomas M. Balliet. Illustrated by A. F. Schmitt. 80 pp. 10 cents.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. By Charles Lamb. Edited by W. P. Trent. Illustrations after Flaxman and a map. 128 pp. 15 cents.

AIKEN and BARBAULD'S EYES and NO EYES, and OTHER STORIES. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by H. P. Barnes. 80 pp. 10 cents.

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10	**The Two Ways**	John W. Chadwick
11	**Manliness**	Lewis Morris
12	**To Grow**	James Freeman Clark
13	**Athanasia**	Charles G. Ames
14	**Heart's Love**	Ralph Waldo Emerson
15	**In Godhead Found**	John W. Chadwick
16	**Bed-Time Verses** (for children)	Henry S. Kent
17	**Merry Christmas**	James H. West
18	**Christmas Time**	Charles Dickens
19	**A Christmas Wish**	Samuel Longfellow
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